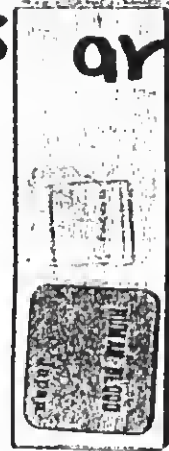
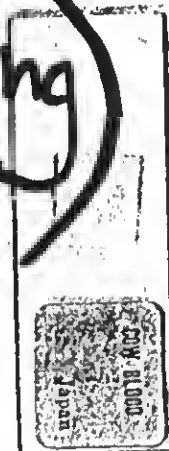
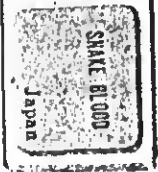


53333-1999

~~banshee~~

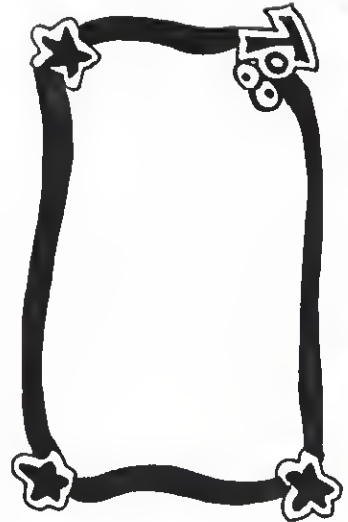


#B

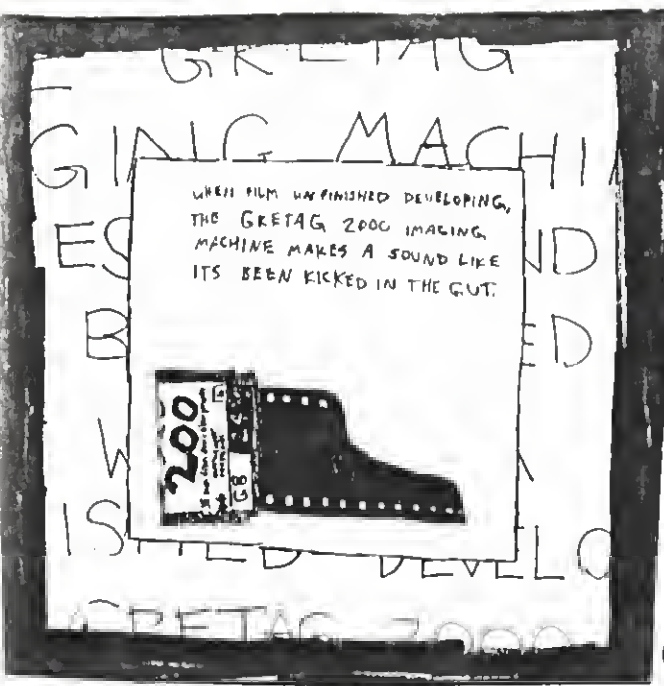
(it's art + writing)

a terrorist production

Miss Rita
671a Granada Rd
Prairie
Village
KS
66208



back cover by Courtney B



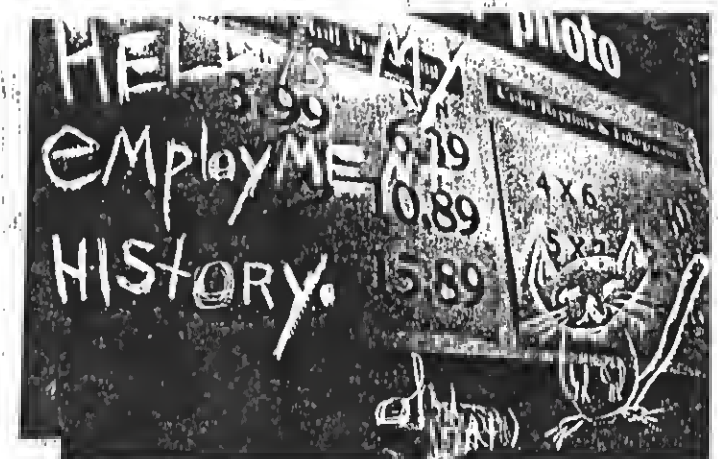
hello.
banshee represents a fissure in my other zine: the art & "fiction" has been slowly driven out of terrorist

and i am driving them back in b/c i resent this! #8 of terrorist has more drawings & is done completely computer-free, as is this issue of banshee, which may be the last as i do want to make terrorist more inclusive, but whatever. Also, some of us are working on Stone Soup Cafe, @ 18th & Oak, and it will include KC's first zine library!!! if you are interested in helping or (especially!!) in donating zines of any sort to the library, call me @ (913) 362-7512. This zine is two stamps or a 55¢ stamp or a trade from: back issues of banshee cost the same.

The latest Terrorist (personal/political/staff) is always available for \$1 + 2 stamps or a trade (mixtape, candy, zines, toys, etc)

back cover by the illustrious Courtney Bennett

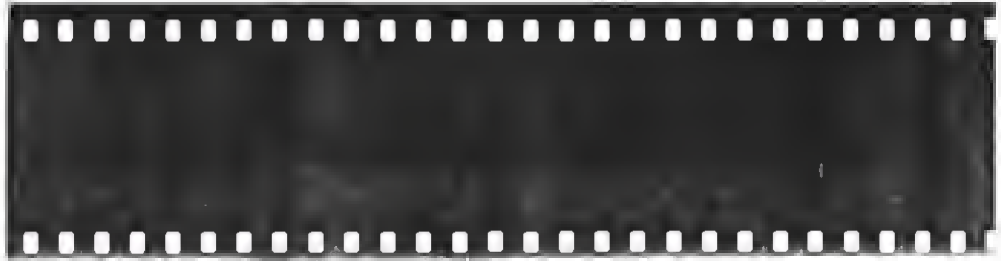
I cannot express it in words. They do not understand the ways; one machine, one employee, one hour? no. this is



not how it works, especially when Duncan brings in six rolls, 36 exposures, double prints, on Monday (aka Bury Hell DAY) i must have them in exactly an hour. When I

MATTE FINISH IS MUCH NICER THAN glossy.
 GIVE ME THE 70'S.
 FEB - APRIL 1999... RIP

quit a couple days ago. I wrote in my resignation that the job was making me "twitchy & hallucinatory!" I was too chickenshit to talk to my manager myself. I can't have jobs that fill me with hate...



terrorist productions
 6712 Granada road
 prairie village, KS
 66208
 JunkZine@aol.com

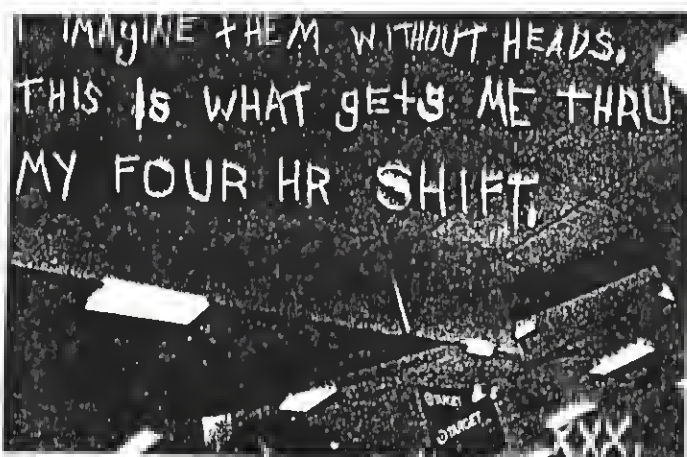


One Hour Photo in Super Target was my job



one
hour
photo,
the
epic
motion
picture-
one
woman.
one
hour.
twenty
nails
soon
will
prints.

For 2 1/2, 3 months. Everyone that comes in there sucks very very much. I absolutely detest all of the customers, & on good days, pretend



they are viciously being dismembered by the greying 2000 imaging machine. I hate them so very much

13

AND.I.Y. emily & me hear things

"i not slow poke i not slow poke i not slow poke."

"...but mom, i'm not WEARIN' a swimsuit!" "i don't have a bedtime!"

"...no mom, i'm wearin' BLOOMERS!" "but Mom! we're outta Sprite!"

"mom, i need the kind the other girls have!! you know, the spray, the hairspray bottles! NO! NOT AEROSOL! SPRAY!! like "SPRAY" "SPRAY" "mom!!"

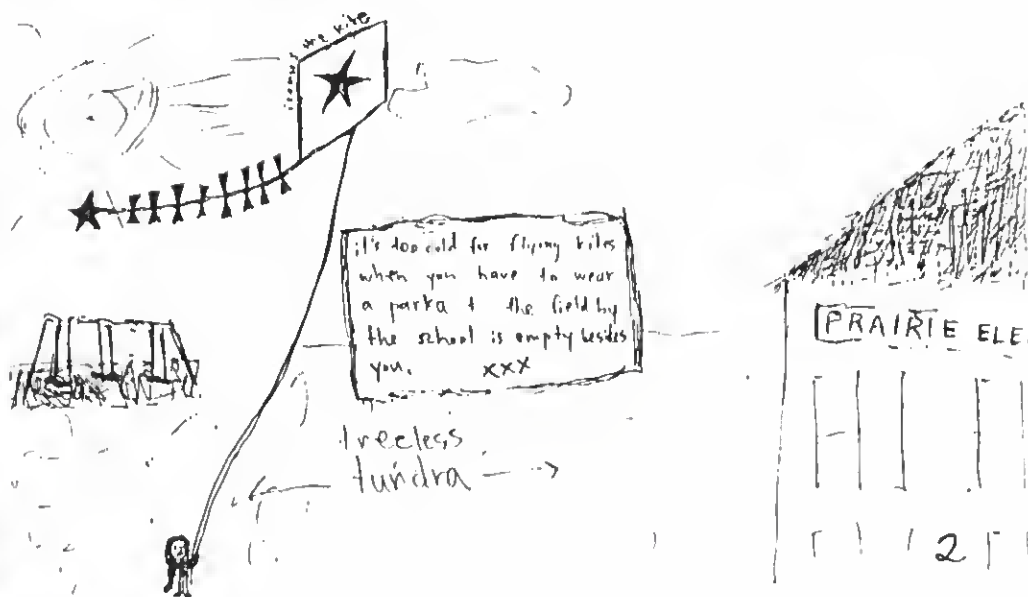
"well, my mom only gives me \$40 allowance, but she won't let me get a job."



"i'm wearing a... oh dear. also with a blackened eye. Vernon Van Blater. oh NO."

clumsy, clumsy, and... also with lipless mouth. oh dear. also with a queer buildup of scum. shit.

now that hurt like the dickens! and tell me, just what does the dickens hurt like? Oh, it hurts like this!



X start X

this is what it's like to be invisible... spoon-
like thick viscous soup, like tractor hubcaps
walls, far from tilled earth + fields of wheat,
saping mouths crammed full of lipstick, forced wide
like factory-raised-pate-engorged birds, stick down
grandmother's rooftop geese, webbed foot nailed
excreting thru cherry-red collagen infested lips the
keening of a disemboweled saviour, wounds salted
left for dead in the city sewer system. we are ex-
beneath the Miss America eyelid for permanent
+ ink, cryogenic preservation ruining the crows
drones armies of matrons praying begging for the
setting in with/without aid of hideous expensive chemicals. lazy eyes suddenly peeled,
layers removed or added, bulimia sets in, result of lingering thru application, ingesting
the gallons of filth, smearing their own skintone over the real thing, grating out
markings of identity, freezing burning bottled ugliness take it home show
the kids why don't you? put the liposucted meat that is you in the fridge
icon-like: if you starve yrself it ain't necessary to purge. baby you remember
the sands... i learned how on HBO... ball canning jars overfilled with vomit closet burst
you'd never suspect her, twisted writhing the floor, her sustenance dust a feast of
oxygen + spit. food laid useless on lips not tongue. the average american female ingests
(go to - 100 mph)

the bullet entered thru the right temple and never came out again, nestled in the folds and rim of his cranium, safe, like a womb, like a cradle, like a beehive's cell, like a nest, like a honey. It came from the sky, from the clouds, the fog, the sun, the wind, he didn't see it coming, tears running pouring down his face, lookin like the dead fish left in nets by the sea left by the boatn, underneath, the barnacles, in the old days, that once upon a time when the pirates would drag the renegade's body under the boat, scraping the belly with torn flesh, gutted. the boy's eyes opened, full of teeth, repossessed canines, molars, fangs, thrown-out-first-baby-teeth, all rattling, all swirling within his head all in the window of irin and pupil, all laundromat washing-machine dirty underthings thrashing, clattering about, invisible unseen you look deeper, harder. eyelids thrown open like doors shock set in sweating cannonballs, blood filling his ear slowly as he looked with mock-eyes really mouths staring his last words, will a tantament to the neaguie to the rining tide, Northern Oregon scent strong in his sinuses, his surrounding vocal cords voice box trachea tonsils finally bathing the tongue and eye teeth he'd give them, he would have liked to have had one, just once, the breath of salty fluid slightly bitter on the roof of mouth, to be filled with another being, like blood it would have tasted only slightly thicker, he imagined thin as the veil draped, like Turin, his face imprinted in blood and nails and wood and thorns and screaming and complacence, his eyes unidded and widened, dark circles take on the look of halos dirtied and profaned, thorny and always remembered. beauty was his last vision, skin catfish-like and pale, clammy, withered, soiled, riddled with blood blisters and varicose veins, wattled throat and disintegrating hair, but the face and of God who raised that night, that morning, the sun rining warm on catfish men all down the rocky beach, all the same, the dition, the waking to the gunked-up eyes, wanting water for rotting mouthn, cigarettes for tasteless tongues, wanted blood trickling not pulsing coursing through veins and arteries, pulse slowed with good and bad liquor, sebaceous film on scales, they rine and pray the Rosary, all living now dying thru this one em-fii boy with mouths for eyes, suckin the ocean, the rocks, the hot crackle, the seagulls, the salt spray. brains wrapped around long-out-of-use lead kings of revenge sweet revenge, nurrnder for one pure moment of abandon, the lady drunk on absinthe on the pier, who was watchin the ocean, the tide roll in, not thinkin whisperin one time i can one time i can and the catfish in sleepin and one time i can. one time i can. she wore a blue skirt and a white t-shirt and her toenail polish was chipped and faded that night before that morning when the catfish made the ancient concoction, he held it to her lips and she cried out her head was gressed, nlimy innide her eyeo fallin out of the sockets the catfish in her eyes smelling his age not so venerable max... the fish she had in... mind; the shadow rock pools of St. Louis the colors the golds theiridescent whiten, not even brushing them the hidden whitish-yellow belly of the cat-fish man, pressing that fire to her mouth, he held out his gun and she reached but no she

the allways knowned he'd come rescue us from ruin prayers
unanswered.

the chlorine is filling my lungs & is gill-less, gasp for liquid death my feet hit
mirrors imagine high school custodial staff watch me drown thru window cant
waterlogged & disintegrating upon expanding within, taking over, declaring itself
supreme dictator ruler of my guts.



you fuck-up.

Stone Soup



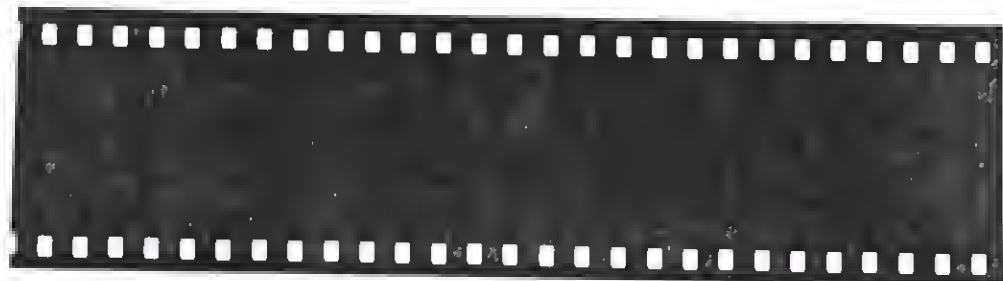
a place where ya go to
eat food, drink coffee,
& listen to great live
music while ecopin' out
your friend's art!

816-842-9777
1730 Oak Street
Kansas City MO 64108
www.trios.net/stonesoup



page 11

not in this state... he gurgled a laugh and said to bed to bed
go to bed my dear mydear go to bed my dear goodnight sweet angel
goodnight. angry and disoriented the swirling images of green
fire guts and Tom Wait's blasted thru liver playing on
the hi-fi system she slept. the boy stepped out of his parent's
house they were rich/lost beyond belief, he walked the miles to
the beach in the tiny morning hours he was 13 and small for the
age he didn't fit quite, a red cowboy hat and black suit he was
thinkin of the movies, of hero's soliloquies on the moonlit beach
he was so small and angry there, the moon just short of full
he held his red cowboy hat out then wrenched back and threw it
to the tide devoured it salty, broathy, slimy, seaweed engulfed
like a thousand lover's tongues, laughing like hyenas like the
city when you leave for so long you've forgotten where the streets
are, where 20th & Clark is, when you were born on the coast and
moved back in and out like some kida nomad in the night thru the
dark you travelled with horses and jewels from the coast to inland
where sometimes you're a gangster and sometimes you're a rock on
the beach, a gull cry, but the city wants none of the ocean, and
the ocean none of the city, and this boy was of the fields, and
air and the flame of the campfire so there it is.
and like breaking the windows back downtown, he hoped to break
the ocean that sunrise, with his red hat, in a black suit, against
pale flesh like a fish, but not a gnarled cat-kind just a baby
shark in the water, cutting his teeth, he was, cutting his wrist
like a teenager he was, in the asphalt and mire, amongst the
catfish men who resented him so, whom he hated so, their redundancy,
their lack of passion, or so he thought cuz maybe there was some
decaying Bukowski in one of those flats above his uncle's,
thrusting his withering body into some star-struck girl just maybe
right upstairs he could have heard them even perhaps. the hat
sank and disappeared into the folds and silms of the ocean. the
angel lady's light brown hair plastered around her face makeup
running precisely down her line of vision, caressing the gun,
touching it to her own head as the sun rose, wheeling about and
hysterical talkin to sand and rocks and washed up jollyfish she
wanted to sprinkle with tenderizer the way the ladies on the Florida
beach did to ward them away but she loved the man o' war usually
but not now not this morning weaving on the pier with her one true
love, muckin on the barrel, dreamin of the feelin like nails in
her spine, real, true, feelin like nails in her spine... she
pointed her weapon at the sun risin on the land, towards the catfish
house. the boy stood, silent, barefoot, suited, hatless, stupid.
the cowboy in him sunk now, perhaps forever. his hair stuck up
in tufts and cowlicks, smooth soft hunks of varying lengths, his
eyes blue and biting the ocean, the hat had been a gift and now
he felt silly. he walked back in rose back up still hatless and
brine covered now, merging beautifully with the seascape like a perfect
mixture of Penelton's daughter and a 50's mobster, but hatless
nonetheless. stared down the vile tide and began the way back,



thinkin about streetlights left on in the early morning glintin
off the shells and seaweed tangled in his being now, but here she
wheeled backt ~~xxx~~ throw back her head and released climaxed,
demonically chattering in her head... 123 pulled the trigger
sent it hurtling to boy; the bullet entered through the right
temple and never came out again, nestled in the folds and slime
of his cranium. he didn't cry out, didn't make a sound, just gasped
~~xxxx~~ in anger and disbelief, affronted, fallin into the tide
with his lost cowboy intact, barely loosened, matter and blood
left to tell the story on the rocks. she turned, deliberate, back
up the catfish hill back to the garbled boat man in the catfish
gull shit canoe god-knows-why-its-by-the-ocean house, stepping on
jellyfish her feet torn and sore like virgins taken like the
minister said it would be so stay outta them abandoned alleys, girls...
he waited, naked, lookin out the window at the sun risin, drinkin
his morning water smokin his mornin cigarette dreamin of boys but
settling for misguided angels, wiping the gunk from the corners.
he didn't hear her step, just the shot lodged in his back; maken
a small hole going in but a mess comin out, right? she said and it
was no. fell with cigarette in hand, mouth meaty and rotten, out
of use and necessity, spit sliding from corner of mouth. she
smoked the cigarette. walked down the beach, singin. "i wonder
if you care//i wonder if you think about it// once upon a time// in
your wildest dream// in your wi-i-ldent dream..." and she always
hated the Moody Blues but so what? the water glowed red and
she bent, saw the eyes full of months and dreams ~~xxx~~ and hate and
she dragged him up the beach "once upon a time//once when you
were mi-i-ine// i remember skies// mirrored in your eyes." to
a red cowboy hat and the seaweed slung to him like a bereaved
ribbing and the salt stung her feet like a million needles and
she laid him down with hat in hand and beside him she took her
lover into her mouth and pulled the hammer back... pulled the trigger...

made a sound like nails thudding dully into earth.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

rita morgan february eight nineteen 99.



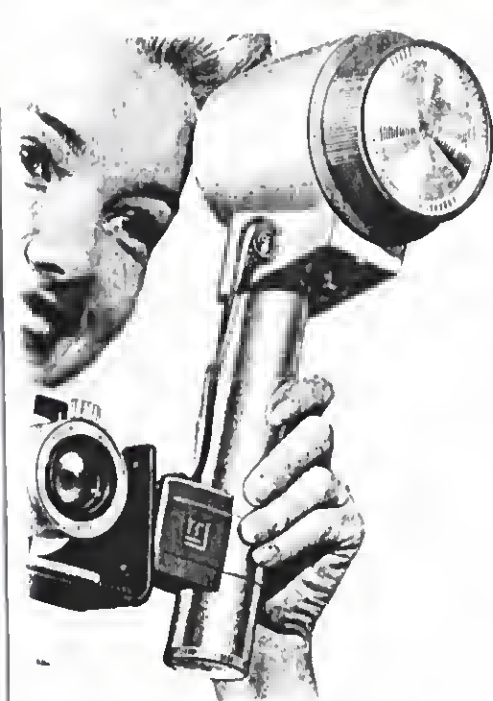
We're worth a lot more than we thought

A STORY FROM RITA

JANUARY 1985

Once upon a time there were some rabbits. And the rabbits' names were Rosepetal, Lilyfair, Daisy, and all the other little rabbits were named Daisy too: Daiey, Daisy, Daiey, Daiey, and Daiey. And there were lots of Rosepetal rabbits too. And Snuffleupagus and Big Bird came from Sesame Street. All of them had to hide because a dozen panthers, a dozen weasels, a dozen wolves, and more and more came by. And Snuffleupagus and Big Bird swallowed them up down to their tummies. And then they caught their hooves at the same time. And they ate all the wolves at the same time too. And turned the weasels into popcorn. The rabbits made all the dozen weasels, wolves, and panthers into blueberry pie, and apple pie, and strawberry pie and they did not even eat them. They threw them out the window. They had to watch what they were doing at the same time. And the weasels got away and rabbits ran away too from the weasels and that.

THE END



the modern way to flash pictures...

FUTURAMIC STROBONAR[®]

Electronic Flash

The dual transistor Honeywell unit that eliminates flash bulbs for good!

For the exciting new way to flash pictures, connect a Futuramic to your camera. This trim, easy-use unit with permanent flashtube automatically recharges itself for each succeeding picture, and the brief flash "freezes" movement to give you the sharpest, clearest pictures you've ever taken. Perfect for both color and black and white, the special quality of Futuramic light allows you to use daylight color film both indoors and out. Most convenient of all, the Futuramic is completely self-contained — it operates on 3 flashlight-size batteries or household current, and efficient dual Honeywell transistors let you flash your pictures for less than a penny each! Ask your photo dealer to demonstrate the Futuramic on your camera soon.

Futuramic Strobolar with 10' AC line cord **59⁹⁵**

Honeywell



Heiland Photo Products



photography made me do art cuz all i needed was a vision, & then i would create the scene... it was very related to theater for me bc photographs are like movie scenes to me, & there's a story behind the image that anyone can create. doing photography gave me confidence in my vision to do other formats (which rocks for me cuz photo began not being my friend...). I am a big fan of strategically placed lint on photos, & i used to get in trouble for it in my highschool last year cuz my teacher thought it was an accident & i didn't know what i was doing... but i did. damn her.

I WAS WALKING TO YOUR HOUSE IN THE RAIN (Because My Car Was Broken) AND LISTENING TO MARY LOU LORD ON MY HEAD PHONES. IT TOOK A VERY LONG TIME (Because I Walk Slowly And I Was Enjoying The Rain On My Skin), AND WHEN I GOT THERE YOU WERE NOT HOME. SO I WAITED WHILE THE TAPE REWOUND ON YR STAIRS. I WILL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

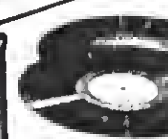
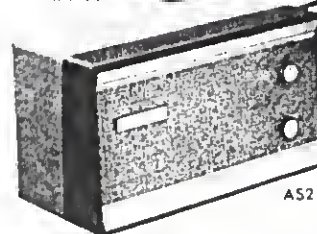
Soundtrack Listing

(oops i forgot that zinesters do too many lists! bitter? me?)
but see... the music i listen to totally directly impacts the way i create/live, so it's important. reviews be damned! i'm recommending!! XOX
diamanda galas = malediction + prayer / the sporting life / masque of the red death; godspeed you black emperor!; catpower = what would the community think?; best happening = jamboree; SWANS = soundtracks for the blind; 7 year bitch = viva zapata!; THE NEED = 10"; Bob Dylan = blonde on blonde; Jarboe = 13 masks; Leonard Cohen = Songs from a Room; all Patti Smith Records in existence.



Fashions by Anthony Blotto

RP1120



AS2

OUR FAVORITE

Meatcake quotes:
(meatcake is a comic by the talented & alluring dame darcy & it's published thru fantagraphics)
"i lost my darling needles! DARN!" "i can see yr panties! pant! pant!" "time for eaties, my seraph!" "get yr filthy paws off my silky draws!" "TITS AHOY!!" "i certainly am a fine broth of young woman hood with my 17 year old nubile body & long golden hair..."

OOH. meatcake is by all means my favorite comic. ☆ ☆ ☆

cheese

adds pleasure to holiday parties...

the royal "we"

tough arms tough legs
tough arms tough arms
tough hands tattoo-tough

O Lord, open our lips
And our mouth shall announce
thy praise.

Incline unto our aid O god.



O Lord make haste to help us.



MOM'S A TOP MANAGER—Add-Mate helps keep tabs on bills, bank statements, check stubs, household accounts, (Income taxes, too!) And it's as easy to use as a phone!



STUDENT'S GRADES GO UP—with a dependable Underwood Portable. Newest office machine features... fast, easy action. Makes more time for extra activities.



FOR DAD, LESS NIGHT WORK at the office—He can finish up details at home. Add-Mate adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides and totals! Dad's figures are right every time!

JUST IN CASE
YOU WERE
NEEDING ANY
MORE REASONS TO OWN A TYPEWRITER OR SEVEN...

THIS ZINE = lots of random clips
from old magazines cuz i ♥
them... all the people that don't like zines w/
"too many pictures" can cram it with walnuts (for val)
(q. biv.)



Sanibel Shell Hunters Examine a Lion's Paw, a Prize Discovery

© NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

ITS a portrait
of christ before the
Ascension silly! don't
you know what a Scension
is? a Scension is one
of those things like
what Harriet the Spy
went in that lady's
house in. But a Scension
is fancier because
when there was Jesus
it hadn't been invented
yet, so he had to go
in the cave instead

mother
mother
hamus just
eat out of
guts.

